Flourescent

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48382675.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki
Additional Tags:	Feelings Realization, First Meetings, Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 37 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-05 Words: 647 Chapters: 1/1

Flourescent

by sourweather

Summary

Fireflies glow to attract the attention of a mate. Adam is a bit more subtle than that.

Notes

I KNOW that fireflies are bioluminescent not flourescent but this is what came out of the prompt okay

also I did exactly 30 seconds of research for this bug experts don't come at me

See the end of the work for more notes

Here's a bit of trivia: If you've ever been out on a Summer evening and you saw a firefly, it was a male. And like just about anything interesting that any living thing does, the firefly was likely trying to fuck.

Female fireflies glow too, but they can't actually fly. They just stay on the ground, watching the males flash around making spectacles of themselves. If they like what they see, the females flash back.

The male fireflies are in something of a dick-measuring contest, on those picturesque Summer nights. Turning on their lights to signal to every female who might be looking that they're down to mate. Kind of ruins the dreamlike nostalgia for the humans, knowing that every time you caught a firefly as a kid you were fucking cockblocking him. But hey, that's nature.

It was another balmy July night when Nigel met Adam for the first time. Damn near tripped over the kid, it'd been so fucking dark. He hadn't noticed Adam, sitting on the stoop near his apartment complex, knees curled close to his chest and eyes on the sky. Partially because Adam was so unassuming from a distance. Partially because Nigel was fucking wasted.

"Watch where you're going."

Nigel turned, snarling at the man below him through the darkness. "What the fuck did you just say to me?"

But Adam wasn't the kind of bug to be swayed by a lot of flash. "I said you should watch where you're going," he repeated, not a hint of anger in his flat, soft voice. "You could get hurt, or hurt someone else. Be careful."

At the time, he'd just shrugged Adam off. Stumbled back into his apartment, passed out face-down with his jeans still on. The usual.

But Adam had a funny way of sticking in his head. They kept running into each other, always in the middle of the night, when Nigel was coming home from the club and Adam was stargazing. Took longer than it should have, but eventually Nigel started actually paying attention to him. Suddenly he was collapsing onto the stoop beside Adam every night, listening to him talk. Just having a quick smoke before bed, at first. Then two quick smokes. Before he knew it he was making an effort to savor ever drag, really make those minutes last.

It had been a shitty day, when he finally fucking 'saw' Adam properly. Summer was long gone, and the long nights were only getting longer, and for someone who's always been borderline nocturnal Nigel's very fucking familiar with seasonal depression. Things were rocky at the club, and he'd felt lonelier than ever lately, and as if the universe was giving him one clear middle finger, he'd lost his favorite lighter. He hadn't had a smoke all day, and his entire body itched and shook for it.

Nigel sat on the step regardless, though. Hanging out with Adam was his favorite part of the day, he wasn't giving that up.

“Hello, Nigel.”

He nodded to Adam, forcing a tight smile. “Hey.” He patted his pockets out of muscle memory for a moment, cursing under his breath when he remembered that he still couldn’t seem to find his fucking-

“You left this on the stairs last night.”

Nigel blinked. There, in Adam’s outstretched palm, was his lighter. He chuckled, taking it and pulling his cigarettes from his pocket. “God, I could fucking kiss you right now.”

When the lighter came to life, Nigel caught a clear glimpse at Adam. Of course, he knew what the guy looked like. It’s New York City, it’s not *that* fucking dark out. Still, it felt like he’d never really seen him before. If he did, surely he would’ve noticed how beautiful Adam was.

“You could?” Adam asked, and Nigel swore that just for a moment, Adam shone brighter than any firefly he’d ever seen.

End Notes

thanks so much as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!